

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

KENTUCKY ROSE.



Oh, the rose of Kentucky and me,
Long ago old massa set us free,
I'll tell you what did happen in her good old mother's cabin,
To the rose of Kentucky and me.
On the banks of the Ohio river,
Where the Winters are so cold, the darkies shiver;
One night about eight, we joined the married state—
The rose of Kentucky and me.

— CHORUS.

On the banks of the river, the old muddy river,
She lived on the banks of the river;
And one night about eight, we joined the marriage state,
The rose of Kentucky and me.

When they tried to win my rose away from me,
My wife alone she said she'd be;
Yet their vanity she flatter'd, and their hearts she always scatter'd,
When they tried to play that game on me, you see.
Her voice filled this darkey full of glee;
She's as merry and as busy as a bee;
I love her when I look at her—she's black, but that's no matter,
She's just the shade—I'd have my darling be.

On the banks of, &c.

Since I took Kentucky rose for my wife,
We have lived together, free from care and strife;
And it's natural to suppose, we have a little Rose,
For so sweetly flowed the summer of our life.
Yet the winter of our days will come, alas!
When spring, summer and autumn, too, will pass;
Hand in hand we'll glide away, and I'll bless the happy day,
When I took Kentucky rose for my wife.

On the banks, &c.

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